

NORTHERN TRIBUNE.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1883.

PECK'S BAD BOY.

"Oh, I'm a Wreck! My Girl Has Shook Me."

"Now you git right away from here," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he came in with a hungry look on his face, and a wild look in his eye. "I am afraid of you. I am afraid of you. I wouldn't be surprised to see you go off half cocked and blow us all up. I think you are a devil. You may have a billy goat or a shot gun or a bottle of poison concealed about you. You'll kill somebody yet. Here, take a handful of prunes and go off somewhere and enjoy yourself and keep away from here," and the groceryman went on sorting potatoes, and watching the haggard face of the boy. "What ails you?" he added, as the boy refused the prunes and seemed to be sick to the stomach.

"O, I'm a wreck," said the boy as he grated his teeth and looked wicked. "You see before you a shadow. I have drank of the sweets of life, and now only the dregs remain. I look back at the happiness of the past two weeks, during which I have been permitted to gaze into the fond blue eyes of my loved one and carry her rubbers to school for her to wear home when it rained, to hear the sweet words that fell from her lips as she lovingly told me I was a terror, and that I shall never again place my arm around her waist. I feel as if the world had been kicked off its base, and was whirling through a space liable to be knocked into a cocked hat, and I don't care a darn! My girl has shook me!"

"Sho! You don't say so!" says the groceryman, as he threw a rotten potato in a basket of good ones that were going to the Orphan Asylum. "Well, she showed sense. You would have blown her up, or broken her neck, or something. But don't feel bad. You will soon find another girl that will discount her and you will forget all about this one."

"Never!" said the boy as he nibbled a piece of codfish he had picked off. "I shall never allow my affections to become entwined about another piece of calico. It unmans me, sir. Henceforth I am a hater of the whole girl race. From this out I shall harbor revenge in my heart, and no girl can cross my path and live. I want to grow up to be a schoolma'am or a milliner or something where I can grind girls into dust under the heels of a terrible despotism, and make them sue for mercy. To think that girl, on whom I have lavished my heart's best love, and over thirty cents in the past two weeks, could let the smell of a goat come between us and break off our acquaintance that seemed to be the forerunner of a happy future, and say 'ta-ta' to me, and go off to the dancing school with a telegraph messenger boy who wears a sleeping car uniform, is too much, and heart is broken. I will lay for that messenger some night when he is delivering a message in our ward, and I'll make him think lightning has struck the wire and run in on his bench. Oh, you don't know anything about the woe there is in this world. You never loved any people did you?"

The groceryman admitted that he had never loved very hard, but he knew a little something about it from an aunt of his, who got mashed on a Chicago drummer.

"But your father must be having a rest while your whole mind is occupied with your love affairs," said he.

"Yes," said the boy with a vacant look. "I take no interest in the pleasure of the chase any more, though I did have a little fun at the breakfast table this morning. You see, pa is the contraryest man that ever was. If I complain that anything on the table don't taste good, pa says it is all right. This morning I took the syrup pitcher and emptied out the white syrup and put in some cod liver oil that ma is taking for her cough. I put some on my pancakes and pretended to taste it, and I told pa the syrup was sour, and not fit to eat. Pa was mad in a second, and he poured out some on his pancakes, and said I was getting too confounded particular. He said the syrup was good enough for him, and he sopped his pancakes in it, and fired some down his neck. He is a gaud darned hypocrite, that's what he is. I could see by his face that the cod liver oil was nearly killing him, but he said that the syrup was all right and if I did not eat mine he would break my back; and, by gosh, I had to eat it and pa said he guessed he hadn't much appetite and he would just drink a cup of coffee and a doughnut. I like to think that this disappointment in love so hard to bear. But I felt sorry for ma. Ma ain't got a strong stummick, and when she got some of that cod liver oil in her mouth she went right up stairs sicker'n a horse, and pa had to help her, and she had nooralgia all the morning. I eat pickles to take the taste out of my mouth and then laid for the hired girls. They eat too much syrup, anyway, and when they got on to that cod liver oil, and swallowed a lot of it, one of them, a Irish girl she got up from the table and put her hand on her corset, and said, 'Howdy Mother of Moses!' and went out of the kitchen as pale as ma is when she has powder on her face; and the other girl, who is Dutch, she swallowed a pancake and said, 'Mine Gott, vas de matter from me?' and she went out and leaned on the coal bin. They talked Irish and Dutch and got clubs and started to look for me, and I thought I would come over here. The whole family is sick, but it is not from love, like my illness, and they will get over it, while I shall find an early grave, but not until I have made that girl and the telegraph messenger wish they were dead. Pa and I are going to Chicago next week and I bet I'll have some fun. Pa says he is going to try and lose me. It's a cold day when I git left anywhere that I can't find my way back. Well, good morning, old rotten potatoes."

ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.

Meeting at the Lagoda House, Monday Night.

Thirty years ago last night, thirteen boys of Springfield sat down to supper in a room located in the rear of Steele's grocery, in King's building, on Limestone street. On that occasion they assumed the name "Original Thirteen" and agreed to meet annually thereafter. As the years passed away, however, and the boys became men, they became scattered, and five years ago they met to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their organization, after a separation of sixteen years. At a meeting at the Lagoda House last Monday night, another five years had passed away. Only four of the original party had died during the thirty years, the last being J. Howard Moore, who died within the year just closed. Seven of the party were in the city last night, but only five of these were present at supper. The wives of four were also at the table. Those present last night were: Albert Beebe, of Dayton, Ohio, late sheriff of Montgomery County; J. N. Worthington and Mr. C. H. Shaffer, of Springfield Ohio; Chas. S. Ramsay, editor Northern Tribune Cheboygan, Michigan; R. B. Stephenson of the Cincinnati Gazette. The deceased members of the organization are Jno. H. Helms, Geo. C. Steele, Caleb West and J. H. Moore. C. H. Evans, Principal of the Third District School, Cincinnati, telegraphed his inability to attend last night on account of sickness. The supper was worthy the Lagoda House, and was appreciated by those present.

The following were among the resolutions adopted.

Thanks to Mr. Skinner, of the Lagoda House.

Thanks to Prof. Worthington, for his interest in getting the boys together.

That the next supper be given on the first Monday in January, 1888, and that the wives of participants be invited.

That resident members constitute the committee of arrangements.

That a committee be appointed to compile a history of the organization.

Social enjoyment filled in the hours till 2:30 A. M., when farewells were exchanged for the coming five years, after which the party adjourned, and separated to their far-separated homes.

Those of the number who may be alive at the time agreed five years ago to meet January 1, 1893.

A State Reception at the White House.

A state reception is one to which only officials and prominent private citizens are invited. The supper, however, is served by a caterer. Under the Hayes administration it was provided by Madame Demonet, a curious old French woman whose modest shop on Pennsylvania avenue is patronized by the legations and all the leaders of the gay world. The superintendent of public buildings and grounds, who is now ex-officio master of ceremonies, prepares for the event. He takes the latest edition of the court guide, the Congressional directory, and from it prepares the list of official guests; from other sources he obtains the names of those prominent people, transient and resident in the city, who ought to be invited. Some times these additional names are very kindly suggested by rural senators and hayseed representatives. Sometimes these suggestions are accepted and acted upon. Oftener they are not. The list of guests, which seldom contains more than 1,000 names, having been prepared, 10,000 men and women would be guests having been mortally offended, the supper is ordered, and the wines will have to be ordered at the same time.

Then the invitations are prepared and sent out. Those for the diplomatic corps are sent through the secretary of state. The secretary of the navy orders the marine band to be at the executive mansion on the evening of the reception. Crash is laid in the outer hall. One-fourth of the police force of the district is ordered to be at the front door of the house on that particular night to care for the guests and their carriages. All is ready. On the night of the reception the mansion and its conservatories are brilliantly lighted. Supper is served in the state dining-room. The marine band is stationed in the tiled vestibule. Potted shrubs and plants and bouquets and baskets of sweet flowers are everywhere. In the blue parlor on the south side of the house stands the receiving party—the lady of the mansion and her young assistants. The president, too, is there and the master of ceremonies.

Leaving your carriage under the great white portico on the north front of the mansion, you pass in through the north door, showing your invitation card as you enter, and are at once surrounded with an all-pervading atmosphere of sweet harmony, scented and brilliantly lighted. As you walk with the throng through the great vestibule to the cloak room on the right, you pass directly in front of the marine band, whose sweet strains fall upon your ear while you were still outside. In the cloak room the "wraps" of the party are placed in the usual boxes, and the usual satisfactory checks are given in receipt for them. Walking across the broad corridor, which divides the house into a northern and southern half, and through a small parlor, you enter the blue room in from 15 minutes to an hour from the moment when you entered the house. An introduction to the president (if you are comparatively unknown) by the master of ceremonies, and an introduction to the president's wife by the president, complete the formal part of the visit. From that moment you go as you please, and you can turn aside in the blue room and chat with the friends you find, or you can find others in the red room or the green room, or even on such an occasion as this, in the east room. There is no limit to the magnificence in dress, or to the brilliancy of some of the conversations. They are delightful fields for the exhibition of whatever you have of brains or of brawn. You can remain five minutes or an hour, and you need not make your adieux to the host and hostess, or either of them. [Letter to Boston Herald.]

Freezing to Death.

There is a general understanding that freezing to death is an agreeable mode of quitting the world, and many persons who have come near to making their exit in that manner confirm the common belief. James Humphrey, a Canadian, who nearly froze to death in a recent storm while driving home from Wallacetown to Aldborough, has given the following description of his experience to the St. Thomas Times: When he felt no longer able to hold the reins with any grip he determined to seek shelter in the first house until well warmed. His tongue became stiff, then his arms, sharp chills ran down his back and finally it seemed as though his whole body was being congealed, causing an almost total cessation of the heart's action. This condition of suffering and extreme despondency speedily gave place to a feeling of grateful warmth suffusing the entire system and causing an exhilarating glow. By this time he had reached a house, but he drove on, thinking that no danger was to be feared. The sleigh, instead of crawling along at a snail's pace, appeared to glide through the air with great swiftness, and the horses fairly flew like pigeons. A sense of exultation filled the farmer's breast, as he urged the horses to greater speed, and the woods were passing so quickly that they became undistinguishable black lines. Then the sleigh bells sounded fainter and fainter, until the chimes disappeared in the distance, the farmer fell gradually into a delicious slumber which came near being the sleep that knows no waking, and he knew no more until brought to life under vigorous treatment.

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